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THE SOUL THAT HATH A GUEST!

The soul that hath a guest
Doth seldom go abroad,
Diviner crowd at home
Obliterates the need,
And courtesy forbids
A host's departure, when
Upon himself be visiting
The Emperor of Men!

—Emily Dickinson...

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WHO SHOULD REJOICE?

The liquor forces have nothing to rejoice over in the outcome of the campaigns in several states against the saloon. In California a vote of 170,000 against the amendment proposed in 1914 was reduced to something like 40,000 this year, and the amendments were carried in four states—Michigan, Nebraska, South Dakota, and Montana.

The ground for rejoicing is indeed entirely on the other side. The Anti-Saloon forces made marked advance and are evidently on the eve of further important advances. Utah has elected a legislature and a governor who will put that state in prohibition column in a few months. The amendments which were proposed in Washington and in Colorado this year by the liquor interests, and which were voted down, indicate that no backward step is to be taken in those states. In Oregon a more drastic amendment than that adopted in 1914 has been carried, under which the importation of liquor will be stopped.

It is noteworthy that Seattle which voted against the amendments in 1914 by a majority of 15,000, registered a majority this year for prohibition greater than that against it in 1914. In Spokane and in Tacoma the outcome was similar. Against prohibition in 1914, they stood for it in 1916.

Noteworthy also is the fact that Kansas City, Missouri, one of the great cities of the country, gave a majority for prohibition which was lost in that state through the large vote against it in St. Louis.

Now that Michigan is to have prohibition soon, Detroit with a population of 466,000 will be our largest saloonless city.

When Utah comes into the list of prohibition states one half of the states of the Union will have outlawed the saloon, and there is good reason for the belief that the day is not far distant when a national prohibition amendment can be adopted and the whole country be rid of the blight of the saloon.

SOME VOTE-COUNTING EXPERIENCES.

Some of the persons who went to the polls Tuesday evening of last week to watch the count of the votes on the proposed prohibition amendments had significant experiences. For example: In one precinct in Oakland the two men who did the tallying went out soon for "refreshments," which coming as an addition to what they had partaken of earlier in the day, practically incapacitated one of them. Two others who took their places at the work of tallying while these two were thus "equipping" themselves to carry

it on were so inept that it was evident that the work would be better done by the first set although one was filled to the brim with liquor. This for Oakland, a city in many respects one of our best! It is a sad commentary on our democracy—the permitting of the determining by such brains, in any way of a poll of the people on vital matters. If people are expected to exercise their intelligence in voting, the men who have the selection of the persons who are to do the counting should see to it that persons of some intelligence and character are selected for that important part.

WHY WAS MR. HUGHES DEFEATED IN CALIFORNIA?

There is much speculation as to what in the main contributed to the defeat of Mr. Hughes in California and thus to his defeat in the national contest for the Presidency. In our judgment there was no single thing which operated mainly to bring about his defeat. Several things conspired to that end.

There were some who voted against Mr. Hughes because they feared the influence of Mr. Roosevelt in his administration. Some were of the opinion that Roosevelt would be a member of his cabinet; and if not that, that his influence would be considerable, inasmuch as only his refusal to head the Progressive ticket made at all possible the election of Mr. Hughes.

Others who were very anxious that the nation should be kept out of war—out of war in Mexico and from participation in the European war—feared that Mr. Hughes might make it much more difficult to keep out, might even by an excess of firmness precipitate it.

Further, there was a prevalent opinion that Mr. Hughes would be controlled to some extent by the old boss element in his party and would stand for such legislation as would bind the capitalistic system more crushingly on our country.

In all these things we believe that he was misunderstood; but those were the thoughts in the minds of many and they aided in bringing about his defeat.

Far better would it have been for Mr. Hughes and his party if he had not come to California, and perhaps not to Washington.

Accusations and counter accusations are being made, and it may not be possible to fix the blame, but there was much blundering while Mr. Hughes was in California and while he was approaching the state. Governor Johnson and Mr. Hughes should have been brought together even at the risk of offending and alienating some of the ever faithful Republicans. It is always best to do the right thing though the heavens fall. This time the wrong thing was done, and yet the heavens fell—at least for the Republican party in California for the time being.

The trouble for the Republican party in this campaign began when the San Francisco Chronicle and the Los Angeles Times heaped abuse on Governor Johnson in his canvass for the nomination for senator, and continued their inflammatory criticisms of the legislation he had been instrumental in securing in California—when even reasonable and gentlemanly criticism would no longer do any good. Many persons saw at once that it was the height of folly to do that and still hope for any great unity of action when it came to the November election.

A greater blunder was never made for any party than those newspapers made at a time when the way was opened up to unite Republicans and Progressives.

It was not possible for the men who came later from

the ranks of the Progressives to hearty and active participation in the Republican campaign to repair the damage done by these attacks. To expect that they could rally the Progressive vote to much extent in such circumstances was expecting the impossible.

Accordingly the judgment of The Pacific is that the men who directed the policies of the San Francisco Chronicle and the Los Angeles Times, more than any other persons and all things else, defeated the national Republican candidates in California. The Chronicle fell into line toward the last to the extent that it reported Governor Johnson's speeches. The Times kept up its hostility to the end; and it wasn't the end the Times in its blindness and folly was hoping for and expecting. If The Pacific had the ear of leaders in the Republican party in California it would whisper: Beware of the San Francisco Chronicle and the Los Angeles Times. Whether reasonably or unreasonably thousands and thousands of people in California have come to conclude that it is pretty safe to oppose almost everything that these papers advocate.

Now, that may seem strange; but it is a situation that must be faced, at least to this extent: the advocacy of a measure by these papers immediately raises a presumption against it, which has to be overcome before progress for it can be made in the minds of many. Invariably they wonder just where "the nigger in the wood pile" is or what they have up their sleeves now to play later.

We do these newspapers no injustice when we say that every discussion by them of every question relating to the interests of mankind appears to start with certain foundations which to them seem unalterable, but which to men of real vision today are not so regarded. It is a kind of fossilism that cannot be commended.

The writer of this editorial never favored the Progressive Party, never gave it any support—believing that Mr. Roosevelt made a great mistake when he bolted after he failed to receive the nomination at the Chicago convention in 1912, being of opinion that he should have remained in the ranks and worked there for the party leavening. But the writer is a deep-dyed progressive in spirit and principle, and is unable to see any future in this country for any party that does not hitch its wagon to the star of human brotherhood. This is a changing world. Standpat people have no really useful place in it. "New occasions teach new duties; time makes ancient good uncouth." What the world needs is brotherhood—it needs to realize that mankind on the earth form one big family, and then seek to live as real brothers and sisters live, assisting one another, sacrificing for one another, the most richly dowered being the swiftest to serve, those having the greatest carrying power bearing the heaviest loads.

We are of opinion that a careful analysis of thought and life throughout the country will show that Mr. Woodrow Wilson was reelected president of the United States because people believed that they would be assured for the next four years of an administration in the out-workings of which there would be a little more brotherhood than there would be in one otherwise directed. We are not saying that their judgment was correct.

Now that the campaign is over the Editor of this church paper will perhaps be allowed to say that he thinks it was not well founded. We are merely trying to indicate the drift of things—to point out to platform framers and party managers and all who seek to guide a party to victory the path along which they will have to move.

Loudly the call of the age is—to State and to Church alike—for brotherhood, for such brotherhood as was presented to mankind when He who had glory with the Father before the world was did not consider it a thing to be held

on to, but surrendered it and came to earth as a servant and helper.

"The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star, is Brotherhood.
And till it come we men are slaves
And travel downward to the dust of graves."

"Come, clear the way then, clear the way:
Blind creeds and kings have had their day.
Break the dead branches from the path:
Our hope is in the aftermath—
Our hope is in heroic men,
Star-led to build the world again."

OAKLAND ENQUIRER SAYS THAT PULPITS WERE BEFOULED IN CAMPAIGN AGAINST LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

A few years ago The Enquirer was the daily paper in Oakland which gave the most attention to church affairs and discussed questions of the day from the religious viewpoint more than any other daily. This is not the case any longer. We do not believe it has been the case for ten years. And latterly The Enquirer has become abusive of church people, no longer able when it does not agree with them to concede sincerity to them in their judgments and positions. Last week it appeared with an editorial in which it declared that the proposed constitutional amendments relating to the liquor traffic had been "promoted with deceit and campaign trickery that might well have abashed the moral sense of the state and turned old-time party managers green with envy." The words of The Enquirer editorial were further: "Unblushing and wholesale misrepresentation of the true import of propositions one and two was indulged not only in the public press but even the pulpits of the state, dedicated to truth and righteousness, were befouled by the delivery of untruths and the imposition of attempted deceptions."

They who own and edit The Enquirer have a right to their opinions on questions of the day, to an expression of them, and to every legitimate effort to bring them to prevail; but we cannot and do not concede to them the right to any such utterances as those herein quoted. It is a shame when our daily papers—from which we have a right to expect a good example in the discussion of important questions—descend to what many of them not infrequently do descend.

CHURCH BUILDING IN PIONEER DAYS IN CALIFORNIA.

Church Building was a difficult undertaking during the first two years of organized church life in California. Materials were scarce and high in price; and labor was high also and difficult to secure. The mills were taxed to the utmost in the effort to meet the demand for business structures and dwellings, and church building often tarried accordingly or the houses of worship read-made to a great extent in the East came around the Horn by ship, needing only to be put together here.

Although the First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco was organized in May 1849 it did not have a building ready for dedication until the 19th of January 1851. On the material which was purchased in New York City, largely by members of a Scotch Presbyterian Church in that city and framed there so far as possible, transportation charges

to the amount of \$3,000 were paid by the San Francisco church and the putting up of the building here and the finishing and furnishing cost them \$10,000 additional. This was the first church building erected in California with special regard to style in architecture. It was of the early Gothic order, and all religious elements in San Francisco had pride in it as an indication of progress in church life in the city.

The seating capacity of the church was 750. Hundreds were turned away on the day of dedication. The congregation that day was quite in contrast with congregations today—there were only 32 women in attendance, and at least 800 men.

After the Rev. William Taylor had been designated by the Methodist Episcopal Church for work in California friends prepared in Baltimore a little chapel ready to be put up on arrival here, and sent it around the Horn freight prepaid. Superintendent Roberts, being of the opinion that it was needed more urgently in Sacramento than in San Francisco, had the chapel sent on to that town at an additional expense of five hundred dollars for freight from San Francisco to Sacramento, and ordered lumber from Oregon for a building for San Francisco. The freight on this lumber which cost \$1500 in Oregon was \$1100. At the time when this Baltimore chapel was sent to Sacramento lumber was four hundred dollars per thousand feet in that rapidly growing town.

Writing to the American Home Missionary Society in August 1849 one of the missionaries stated that a building which would cost one thousand dollars in the East would cost ten thousand in California.

A year later lumber was low in price, but it was very difficult to get any of right shape for chapels, and the labor to put it in shape was very expensive. A San Francisco correspondent wrote to the Home Missionary Society: "Mr. Hunt's people bought a Sidney storehouse, the nearest thing they could find, but it is a miserable warping affair, very unsuitable. Mr. Benton's people in Sacramento bought a frame here for twenty dollars a thousand and freighted it up the river, but when they came to attempt to put it together, it was found so nearly worthless that it was necessary to supply new timbers almost to make it a new frame. Everything else has been sent but buildings suitable for chapels, and these are wanting and wanted. * * If we can get through another winter I hope Providence will so strengthen us that we can begin to build churches."

Among the towns wanting a church building when the foregoing was written was San Jose. But early in January 1851 Mr. Brayton who was in charge of the Independent Presbyterian Church there wrote: "We are greatly favored. One of the pleasantest chapels in California has been erected. It is small—only 25 by 40 feet. * * * The pews have a history; they were taken down from the old first church in Brooklyn and placed in Mr. Beecher's temporary tabernacle. With the other parts of this building they were freighted around Cape Horn. I obtained a part of them—enough for our church; and also some of the doors and windows and sash-blinds."

Mr. Brayton was expecting to have the last bills accrued in putting up the building paid within a month from that time.

In October 1851 the Rev. J. H. Warren was preaching in a theater at Nevada City—it being available for a morning service; but at that time a church building costing \$6,000 was under construction. Mr. Warren wrote: "This work now occupies all my time, I have to go to the miners at their work—in their tunnels, sluices and cayote holes; to their cabins and everywhere else, and solicit funds for our

enterprise. I meet with all kinds of success and defeat. As I am becoming better known and people learn that I am here to preach, and for nothing else, they are more and more inclined to give me their confidence and aid."

Some whom Mr. Warren interviewed told him that they were going back home soon and did not have enough interest in California to aid in building churches here. Others did not believe in churches anywhere. In 1852 after the work had been accomplished and the building dedicated, Mr. Warren wrote in "The Home Missionary": "Often and even for hours at a time, with a pile of auriferous gravel or surface dirt for a seat or platform were objections heard and answered, cavils refuted, questions proposed, argument, illustration and anecdote brought forward to prove a better doctrine—that 'none of us liveth to himself'; and to correct infidel notions that were working like unholy leaven."

It is interesting to note the home States of 324 of the contributors who gave an aggregate of \$2,423.

Forty-six from Ohio gave \$300; 44 from New York, \$530; 41 from Missouri, \$140; 35 from Illinois, \$441; 29 from Iowa, \$157; 20 from Wisconsin, \$118; 15 from Massachusetts, \$117; 12 from Pennsylvania, \$50; 12 from Indiana, \$30; 11 from Michigan, \$65. There were five contributors who named Maine as "home"; 8 Connecticut, 7 Georgia, 6 Rhode Island, 3 New Hampshire, 3 Vermont, 2 New Jersey, 3 Virginia, 7 Kentucky, 8 Tennessee, 4 Alabama, 3 Mississippi, 2 Louisiana, 2 Arkansas, 3 Texas, 1 Maryland, 1 South Carolina, 1 Florida. There were contributions also from Canada, Mexico, and various countries in Europe. So many were the "blocks" thus put into this church at Nevada City that Mr. Warren spoke of it as the "Washington Monument Church."

From the very beginning there were men who responded generously to solicitations for church buildings. The record concerning the effort to build a Congregational Church in Sacramento in 1850 is: "We found it not at all difficult to secure sufficient funds to erect a very substantial commodious and comfortable church building which would seat about four hundred people. * * * Even the gambling houses contributed very generously."

When in 1851 Howard Presbyterian Church, San Francisco had outgrown the little carpenter shop which had been transformed into a chapel and it became evident that an adequate house of worship must be built if the congregation were to be held together many responded with generosity, but even then from many others came such replies as: It is useless to try to build churches in California; the country is good for nothing but mining, and nobody knows how long that will last; people will never bring their families here in any great numbers.

All the timber and lumber used in the construction of Howard Presbyterian Church in 1851 came from Maine. It was the first church building in San Francisco having plastered walls and ceiling. Theretofore the buildings had been lined with cotton cloth.

The great fire on the 3rd of May, 1851 which entailed on San Francisco a loss of ten or twelve million dollars, wiped out so many pledges of aid that for a short time the church people were in consternation. The work of construction had to be stopped or at least four thousand dollars secured at once. Soon it was ascertained that a man stood ready to lend it on good personal security; two members of the board of trustees gave that security and the work went rapidly on to completion.

Dr. Willey's theme the day of dedication was: "Churches and Religious Institutions the First Want of a New State." There was a prevalent opinion that they were not the first

want, but should be allowed to grow up naturally in a matured state of society. This sentiment he vigorously combated before a large congregation, many of them representative young business men.

"As a state we are just beginning life. * * * We have not yet taken on a character before the world. We are now to determine what that character shall be. In what degree of respect are we to hold the Bible and the Sabbath and the institutions of religion? For these, we well know, are at the foundation of civic virtue. Don't put off the consideration of these matters to a later period. Build churches where they are needed and then worship in them."

In a year or two it became evident generally that California was to have a large permanent population; the value of the church began to be generally recognized and building enterprises met with due encouragement.

William Taylor once called on a Roman Catholic for a subscription for a Methodist church building. "Yes," said the man, "I'll give you a hundred dollars. I'm a Catholic but I see the great advantages of churches in a community like this. I remember when nothing could be seen in this city on Sunday, but the bustle of business, and nothing heard but the rattle of horse-hoofs and the shouts of those engaged in or witnessing the races. But since churches have been erected, and the preaching of the gospel introduced, Sunday is fast becoming a quiet day; respectable business houses are closed and horse racing has been driven beyond the limits of the city. I go in for the multiplication of churches as the best means of improving society."

In 1854 the Rev. E. S. Lacy wrote from Crescent City where they were about to build a church: "We are assisted in this matter by men of all sorts. Those most notorious in vice subscribe for the church, and I am afraid pride themselves in it, for they do it very liberally."

IMPRESSIONS OF A FIFTEEN YEARS' MINISTRY.

An Anniversary Address by the Rev. Henry Kendall Booth, Pastor of the Congregational Church at Long Beach.

(We have read in the little church paper published by the Congregational Church of Long Beach an address given by the Rev. Henry K. Booth on the fifteenth anniversary of his entrance into the ministry. Believing that many of our readers will be glad to read it also we give it in *The Pacific* this week. It was entitled "The Trend of the Twentieth Century—Impressions of a Fifteen Years' Ministry."—Editor.)

I think none of us can come to an anniversary occasion in our lives without certain feelings and impressions that are almost impossible to express; whose sacredness and whose beauty are too elusive to be put into words, and it is with a great deal of hesitation that I approach this morning what I wish to say, because I feel how inadequately it is possible for me to express what is in my own heart. But I want to share with you during this hour some of the impressions of my own heart as I look back now upon my Christian ministry.

I am certain as I survey my life today that the promptings to this life's work, that the bent of my nature toward it, have come from long training in the Christian church. Reared in a Christian home, sharing from my childhood and from my earliest recollections in the work of the Sunday School and the Church, my growth in the Christian experience was simple and natural. I never passed through a great emotional crisis; but as naturally and simply as growth itself I seem to have grown into the apprehension of what Christianity stands for. And I look back to that

Christian home as the source of the first promptings to my heart in the direction of the Christian ministry, and the more specific prompting that came not by the word of direction, or even by open suggestion, but by my knowledge that my sainted mother was praying that I might take up this work. I felt all these years of my boyhood that I was certainly turning my thought and life in the direction of the Christian ministry; and in this very simple and yet very beautiful way, as it seems to me, my life seems to have been directed in this particular channel.

My training during the first years was, of course, that of all boys who grow up in communities where schools are found. But as I came to the college life, I am conscious that I was very providentially directed out of the middle west, with its great educational institutions, into the first New England College, located in the center of the great Empire State—a college that has borne for over one hundred years the honored name of Alexander Hamilton, that has all its years of service devoted its largest thought and its energy to the development of literary expression and of public speaking. I look back now upon that institution with its traditions and culture, with the remarkable men in the faculty, and with its strong, earnest, collegiate spirit, as one of the great factors in the development of my life. When I came to choose the Seminary, it seemed as though I was also again directed, not to an Eastern institution with its conservatism, but to the Chicago Theological Seminary in the very center of the earnest, throbbing, religious life of the Middle West. And as I look back upon those three years, I am conscious that there I received the special bent to the three interests that have been predominant in my ministry, religious education, Bible study, and the social application of Christianity.

And then I had that greater training that comes from experience—that which only contact with life itself can give. As I look back upon the five churches that I have been privileged to serve, I am conscious now that they were so utterly dissimilar that I have really run the whole gamut of church life.

My first church was an old established church—a church in the State of Indiana—that had existed for perhaps fifty years, and had become crystalized in its methods of work; and I tried out my theories on that church, much to my own chagrin, and I am sure much to their disappointment. I found there for the first time how difficult it is to adjust theory to life, and I learned in those first years some of the lessons that have been of help to me through my ministry. My second church was on the desert, a pioneer church. I there learned something then of the other side of life, and I found out when all has been said and done about those whom society condemns, that they are about the largest-hearted and the tenderest-hearted people in the world. I learned to appreciate the fact that the Christian profession is not necessarily an index to a man's character, and I am sure that I learned to some extent the lesson of Christian charity. My third church was a decadent church in a city—one that had been practically abandoned, and where the people were completely discouraged. It was a task, there, of bringing back, if possible, a little of life and vitality into a dead church and trying to build up that which had been lost. And I count it the privilege of my life to have fellowship with those who had been struggling against adverse conditions through all those years, and I came to know and to love them. My next pastorate was a suburban church, where I came in contact with some of the most difficult and perplexing problems of church life. The hardest church that a man can ever be called upon to serve is a suburban church in a large city.

Last of all, I have been privileged for the past seven

and one-half years to serve this church and delightful people in this city by the sea. As I look back, then, upon these five churches, with the many earnest Christian people that I have known, as I realize what they have brought me, I know that it is far more than I ever gave them, and I realize more and more as I think of how generously they have given of their thought and time, how much it has meant to my personal life.

But the chiefest factor in my life, as all great factors and influences are, has been that which is personal—the privilege of the companionship for fifteen years with the one whom God has given me. Her heroic endurance of the crushing burden of life-long invalidism, her strong, cheerful, patient spirit in the face of failures and discouragements, her patience in the bearing of the vexations and trials of public life, her unfailing sympathy, her unselfish and loyal service to others, her sweet spirit of Christian charity, and that atmosphere of peace and love that her personality has brought into the home, are the greatest, are the chiefest influences in my life. And whatever I am, and whatever I have accomplished I owe to her whose life has been linked with mine so closely in these fifteen years of service in Christ's Kingdom.

And as I review now the fleeting impressions of these years I shall try to bring before you this morning some of the conclusions that seem possible to me to reach as I review all these experiences of home and development and education, contact with life and thought. What I can say to you, then this morning, is born of the experiences of these fifteen years. What are my thoughts regarding the trend of this Twentieth Century Christianity? Remember, if you will, that my ministry began virtually with the opening year of that century. As I think over what has happened and what I have seen and observed, there are five things that stand out to my mind clearly.

First, the movement for the unification of organized Christianity. My boyhood days were passed in a small community of the middle west, where there was constant bickering and strife between denominations. It is possible now to have a degree of co-operation and of earnest and loyal heartfelt team work that was never possible before. The churches of Long Beach, of Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago, New York, of any city great or small, are brought together now into federations, and the great Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, directed by a great Congregational leader, Dr. Charles S. McFarland, has brought all our denominations together for team work and for mass play. We have now the great enterprises like the Peace Movement of the World, like the Relief of Armenian and Syrian Christians, backed not by one church but by the Church of Christ in the world. And as we think back to those earlier days, not very far back in our history, when Baptists and Congregationalists and Presbyterians and Methodists looked at each other askance, and when life was to them an eternal struggle for the supremacy of their own special sect, we ought to thank God for this change that has come in the direction of the unifying of the Christian forces.

The second thing that I have observed is the broadening of the religious thought of our day. We are thinking in larger terms than we did. I am sure that we are thinking more in accord with Christ's mind than we did. The narrower ideas of religion have been gradually and yet surely relegated to the background. There is perceptibly all along the line a very large development in the direction of a broader statement of religion in the terms of life, in the terms of experience.

There is coupled with this and closely connected with it as a part of the same process the third fact that I have

observed—the increased emphasis upon life and conduct rather than upon creed and form. Our creeds have been simplified until they have become elemental. We are putting into them only the great foundation truths. We are seeking to pack its meanings into the very simplest possible compass and to state it in the simplest possible words. The creed of this church, for instance, is almost as simple as it can be made, and our churches the country over are more and more laying stress upon the elemental things, and the standard by which the world is judging us has become gradually the standard by which we are judging ourselves. For the world cares absolutely nothing about these refinements of theological definition, but the world cares mightily what kind of men and women we create. I am sure there is coming in our church life, in our social life, this larger emphasis upon life and conduct as the only test of our Christianity.

And the fourth fact that stands out plainly as one of the tendencies in our modern life is the stress on the social application of Christianity—the bringing before the church of the fact that her business and her mission is not to save individuals alone out of the wreck of the world and out of the chaos and moral perversity of mankind, but her business is to Christianize society, to permeate all life, business, political, economic, with the spirit of Jesus Christ; to so live that like the leaven it will leaven the lump of human society. It is a vastly different conception than that we used to have. There is a new note today, and it seems to me it is a more Christ-like one; for, after all, the pleading of that generation in its Christian prayer and its Christian message was to save yourself, and the prayer and the earnest message of the Christian Church today is to save others. It is a different thing and a more Christlike thing to save others, and in the service of others we save ourselves. "For he that would lose his life for the sake of the gospel shall find it." And thank God, the Church is awakening at last to the meaning of social Christianity. It is not too much to say that the whole trend of the Christian Church in our generation in this Twentieth Century of our Lord is toward the applying of the Gospel message of all life. I believe that in that direction lies the hope of the church for the future.

Last of all, it seems to me that we have entered in this Twentieth Century upon an era when the inner meanings of Christianity are being emphasized. The Nineteenth Century that lies behind us was an era of unexampled material development. The Twentieth Century upon which we have entered already manifests itself to be a century of spiritual development. Wherever we turn today we are confronted with the statement from the lips of men of the churches and men of no church that the spirit and soul are more important than the body and material things. In strange forms, in unique and sometimes almost grotesque fashion, this truth is being presented, but it is here. Philosophy holds it at the center of its thought. Cults, sects and denominations are holding it as the center of their thought and the Christian Church is coming back to the emphasis on the simple things,—faith, prayer—that is all; faith in God for everything, prayer to God for everything.

These are but impressions—only, but I believe that taken in their totality they help us to understand that the Twentieth Century is for the cause of Jesus Christ and for the Gospel that he preached, the greatest era that was ever known. It is a glorious time to live. It is a wonderful time to serve the Master. Our influence, our character, our life never had a larger sphere than they have today. What we say what we are and what we do will reach larger horizons than they have ever been able to do in the past. So I am glad it has been my privilege to min-

ister in the name of the Master for these first years of the Twentieth Century, and I congratulate you all upon the privilege of service that we all have in this great century with its larger opportunities and larger hopes.

We are told in that Book where the record of the life of Jesus is contained, of that hour in the upper room when he bade farewell to his weeping disciples and spoke those words of comfort: "Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in me." And then we are told that after those words were spoken he gathered that little group of disciples about him and when they had sung an hymn they went out of the upper room with its quiet and its peace and its tenderness and its sweet fellowship, out into the darkness of the night, down into the valley of the Kidron to Gethsemane and Calvary. Fifteen years ago this May a group of young men stood on the Platform of the Union Park Congregational Church of Chicago to hear the last words of consecration spoken as they went forth from that Seminary into the Christian ministry. Before them were the years of service and struggle. Some of them knew that they were to go across the water into the foreign lands. Some were to struggle on Home Mission fields. Some were to go into the far fields of the world, and all of us knew that night that we should never see each other again. That was the night of our farewell and our parting. Behind us were all those hours of pleasant fellowship, of earnest study, of joy and gladness of the Christian life that we had known in that Seminary. And like that other group, as we went out from the upper room into the struggle and darkness of life, we, too, sang a hymn. That hymn was the prayer of my heart that night, and the experiences of these years have but deepened and intensified its meanings, and it is the prayer of my heart today:

"O Master, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret, help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

"Help me the slow of heart to move,
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

"Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company.
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live."

EFFECT OF THE WAR ON CHILDREN AND EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.

By William C. Allen.

At first sight it would hardly seem that a state of war would directly damage child life or national education. Here are a few considerations upon the subject. But let it be clearly understood that in most respects England is probably the least hit of all the belligerents. These letters are not intended to discredit England—the writer loves that grand old country too much to do that. They do indicate the unhappy transformation in character induced by the spirit of war. Our own beloved America may easily be just as seriously injured if we become involved in

war. We may well thank God that we have not entered into its hideous passions and losses.

The United Board of Sunday School Organizations has recently issued a remarkable statement regarding children and international relations. This Board is composed of representatives from the Denominational Sunday School Organizations of the Methodist Bodies, Congregationalists, Baptists, Presbyterians, the Society of Friends and Moravians.

The report shows that there are statistics revealing an increase in juvenile crimes of a serious nature since the outbreak of the war. Cecil M. Chapman, the Metropolitan Magistrate, when taking the statistics of the Police Court over which he presides, found that during the last few months of 1915 delinquency in children had increased 40 per cent. He says, "War had created an excitement in the minds of the children, etc." Sir Edward Troup, Permanent Under Secretary at the Home Office, in a circular to the Magistrates issued this year, says that he "has under consideration representations respecting the recent increase in the number of offences by children and young persons under 16 years of age." He declares that "punishable offences have grown in seventeen of the largest towns of England about 40 per cent." He adds: "The increase in the number of juvenile offenders is mainly caused by an increase of nearly 50 per cent in cases of larceny; but there are also more charges of assault, malicious damage, gaming and offences against educational acts." The report of the United Board refers to the "loss of discipline," which the writer also heard about in many places in England during the past summer. This condition is largely owing to the fathers being away, and to lessened educational efficiency, caused by larger classes for each teacher, part time sessions or leaving school at an earlier age. Sir James Yoxall has stated that "Between 150,000 and 200,000 children between the ages of 11 and 13 have been released from school to do wartime work." To quote the same veracious report: "With the older boys and girls particularly, there are evils attendant upon the earning of larger wages, impatience of control, unwillingness to learn how to do things in the best possible way, and the rush to amusements which have the same general tendency. There is an unsettled state of mind leading to a desire for adventure, for excitement, with its attendant impatience with ordinary tasks and with discipline, accompanied by a great increase in truancy."

Not the least serious of the difficulties to child life growing out of the war is the fact that children are inevitably learning to rely upon material forces, and not upon the power of love, unselfishness and consideration for others. "The type of patriotism too often presented to the children is narrow and self-satisfied. Religion has become the hand maid of the Allies. To sum up briefly; the virtues of economy, generosity, etc., that have been evoked among the pupils have been entirely subordinate to the major military purpose. Militarism has emphatically made a deep impression upon all young minds." The anxiety of this noble group of men, representing the Sunday School Organization, on behalf of the children of the nation is most important when taken in connection with the general attitude of the clergy of the country toward the war.

Occasionally when in England I have astonished my friends with telling them of the great strides that education has made in the United States. I can mention my own city of San Jose, California, with its more than 40,000 inhabitants, its great system of grammar schools, its high school for 1500 young people, and how many of them can graduate from it into the State University, securing a

course in that great institution with but little expense to themselves. It would seem as if England before the war was already so far behind many nations with regard to the education of the great mass of its children that the damage occasioned by the war is especially to be deplored. The London Times stated in a recent editorial that, "Of the 2,750,000 of English children between 12 and 16 only 1,100,000 get any education after the age of 13." "The Challenge" states, "As a nation we have not believed in education, and it is one of our most serious national shortcomings that this should have been so. The facts are well enough known, 90 per cent of our children receive no form of instruction after the age of 13." Lord Haldane in a recent speech in the House of Lords called attention to the condition narrated above as one of the main concerns of the country.

The future of the children and of education in England is very dark. Just before leaving England I was conversing with a lady from Oxford. Speaking of the depletion caused to the student life by the war she instanced the college in which she was interested. Before the last vacation only thirteen men were left as students there, they being six Orientals, two Rhoads scholars, one candidate for the ministry, and the status of the other four I cannot recall. About the same time I talked with a young man who is a recent graduate of Cambridge University. He remarked to me, "All the best men have been killed, all of my friends have been killed."

The Government could use conscientious objectors as teachers if so minded, but declines to do so. It seems particularly unfortunate, as so many of the schools are suffering for want of teachers. Even such a man as Professor Bertrand Russell, one of the best known educators of England, has had many indignities placed upon him and has been refused the privilege of coming to America to lecture, because he not long ago was the author of a leaflet published by the No-conscription Fellowship in which he plead for the cause of civil and religious liberty, the great glory of our English-speaking peoples.

In my next letter I shall try to tell about the "Conscientious Objectors." Owing to strict censorship bearing upon the subject, very little is known about them in other countries.

San Jose, Cal.

THE STUDY OF MISSIONS IN THE CHURCH SCHOOL.

In order to stimulate and vitalize the interest of our young people in the work which Congregational Mission Boards are conducting in foreign countries, a series of special missionary studies has been introduced into the curriculum of the Church School in the First Church, Oakland. For four consecutive Sundays—beginning with October 28th—the regular graded lessons are being suspended, in the Intermediate and Senior departments, and the entire lesson period devoted to the study of some one country: its people, general conditions, and needs, as well as the definite work of our missionaries there. The countries to be thus studied are Turkey, China, India, and Africa—and already the interest of both teachers and pupils is keen.

We believe that by concentrating our study in this way we shall be able to obtain more satisfactory results than by devoting only a portion of the lesson time to mission study, and so extending that study over a period of eight weeks or more. Such a method as the latter might seriously interfere with the force and unity of the regular

lesson—since the lesson time is so short at best—and would no doubt tend toward a somewhat superficial treatment of both lessons, which would not make for efficiency. So far the results have justified this belief, for not only is there a real interest in the work of our missionaries, but it is constantly becoming a more and more intelligent interest and the practical, modern, western methods employed in mission work are evoking surprise and genuine admiration from many who have previously been more or less indifferent to missionary work on the foreign field.

A definite background for the day's study is supplied each week during the opening exercises by ten or fifteen minutes of stereopticon views or moving pictures, dealing directly with the people, customs and geography of the country to be studied. These pictures are briefly explained and commented upon by the superintendent, so that by the time the classes adjourn for their individual study, the pupils have a fairly clear idea of the setting for the lesson, and are ready to proceed almost immediately to a consideration of the different forms of missionary work in the country under discussion. The lesson period is, therefore, usually devoted to reports by the pupils—assigned the previous week—and to the discussion of various questions arising from peculiar conditions in each country. In order to stimulate such class discussion a number of American Board and Woman's Board leaflets are distributed to teachers and pupils one week in advance and these, together with certain standard mission study books which are kept in reserve as references for the teachers, supply plenty of splendid material for the preparation of each lesson. Because the study books are fresh, from week to week, interest and enthusiasm do not lag, and the discussions help to bring out new ideas and different points of view which prove most helpful to all, and lead the pupils to think for themselves. For example, in one class of girls, the question was asked: "How would you invest \$5,000 in India, if you were given the opportunity to do so tomorrow?" The answers showed definite reaction to the lesson, and in order to give a satisfactory reason for her answer, each girl had to think for herself.

The results of this "experiment" are probably not as apparent now as they will be later, but inasmuch as it has helped to unify the school in a remarkable way, and to arouse and deepen an intelligent and sympathetic interest in missions among the young people, we feel that it has been well worth undertaking. And from the teachers' standpoint it is only just to add that they themselves are undoubtedly deriving as much if not more benefit than the pupils from this study, and feel that as an educational factor in the Sunday School, such concentrated mission study work is quite invaluable.

H. K. H.

This course of Mission Study specially prepared by the American Board and the Women's Boards, adapted to all grades of Sunday-school work, can be obtained at 417 Market St., San Francisco, at the Headquarters of the Boards. Sample copy, twenty-five cents.

NEXT MONDAY!

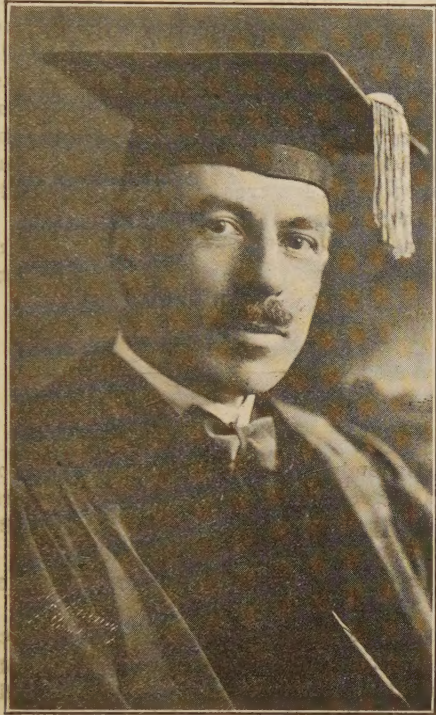
Mr. William C. Allen, of San Jose, will speak at the next Monday meeting of the Congregational ministers in San Francisco. Mr. Allen returned recently from a trip to war-stricken Europe, and is contributing now to The Pacific a valuable series of articles setting forth the damage of the war to every vital interest.

We must dare to be happy and dare to say so, while recognizing that we are the depositaries, not the authors of our happiness.—Amiel.

PRESIDENT BLAISDELL BACK FROM THE EAST.

Secures Noted Historian For Lectures At Pomona College.

President Blaisdell returned to Pomona College last week after a month's absence in the East and was warmly welcomed by faculty and students. The purpose of his trip was in the interests of Pomona and to visit different eastern colleges. He first stopped in Wisconsin where he gave a short talk at Beloit College and also spoke at the State Association meeting in Milwaukee. From there he went to Chicago to attend a meeting of the American Board of Schools and was present at the fiftieth anniversary of Carleton College. He spent a few days in Toledo at the meeting of the American Board and then went on



President Blaisdell.

to Boston. One of the chief accomplishments of President Blaisdell on his tour was the securing of Professor George Burton Adams to deliver a course of lectures on the Johnson Foundation at Pomona. Neither the date nor the topic of the lectures has yet been announced but it will probably be during December and January for a period covering four or five weeks, and the twelve lectures will likely be on some phase of European history. Professor Adams, who is one of the foremost students of history in America, is at the head of the History Department of Yale University and is an interesting and forceful lecturer. He is the author of a popular book "Civilization During the Middle Ages."

Grinnell Graduate Brings Greetings.

Students of Pomona enjoyed a talk in chapel recently by President De Hahn of Grinnell College, China. A graduate of our own Grinnell, he is now devoting his life to the planting of a Western college with Western ideals and methods in the Orient. He is in this country to represent the extension schools in China, toward the support of which Beloit, Yale, Grinnell and other prominent educational institutions are contributing large sums annually.

Judge Charles G. Neely, professor of Constitutional History and Law at Pomona, returned last week from the east

where he has been actively engaged in the political campaign in and around his home state of Illinois. His political influence is very strong there and his opinions especially honored in Chicago, where he sat upon the bench, and in Evanston, where he made his home. His welcome in the Middle West could not have been more hearty and enthusiastic than his welcome home accorded by the students in his classes who went in a body to meet him at the train where an old fashioned political rally was held, after which the young enthusiasts hauled the popular professor home in a buggy which headed the procession of students and friends.

Rehearsals are now under way for the Greek play "Electra," the tragedy of Euripides, which is to be presented in the Greek Theater under the management of the new director of dramatics, Mr. Reginald Pole. The Symphony concert given last week by Adolph Tandler's celebrated orchestra of 75 pieces was a distinct event in the history of musical entertainments at the college. It was the first time that Herr Tandler's full orchestra has appeared in any suburban town outside of Los Angeles. Given in the Greek Theater, the program with admirable artistic sense was especially suited to the place. A feature was the four California sketches, the most recent compositions of Mr. Tandler in which the mountains, the ocean, the missions and the moonlight are the themes, each of which is vividly and exquisitely presented in the music—the call of the birds, the roar of the surf, the ringing of the mission bells and the quiet of the summer night broken by a chorus of crickets and frogs.

The Student Life, the semi-weekly publication of the college, is especially bright and breezy this year under the able editorship of Paul E. Webb, assisted by a capable staff of students who reflect the life of the institution with a dash and go.

Mr. Burt Johnson, the sculptor, after three years in New York, is occupying his picturesque studio at Claremont adjacent to the college and is busily at work designing the beautiful memorial fountain which is to be placed in the patio of the Mabel Bridges Memorial Music Hall. The figure which will dominate the basin is already completed and has been put into bronze by the Gorham Company in Providence, R. I. It represents Spanish Music and is a graceful, life-size figure, four and one-half feet high. The pose is exquisite and the design peculiarly appropriate to the Spanish architecture of the beautiful temple of music it is to adorn. The figure is now on exhibition in the New York galleries of the Gorhams on Fifth Avenue. From there it will go to the National Academy for the winter exhibition and then will be sent direct to Claremont to be placed in the fountain which will be dedicated during the June Commencement of the college. This memorial fountain is the gift of the class of 1915.

Mr. Johnson, the designer, is a brother of Mrs. Louis St. Gaudens who is also a sculptor. He studied under the famous Augustus St. Gaudens and other distinguished artists, among them Gutzon Borglum, the well known California artist. Mr. Johnson excels as a sculptor of child figures and is now working on two other commissions, one a panel for a hospital in La Crosse, Wis., and the other a trophy for an academy. He is also working on designs for gates to the Alumni Athletic Field at Pomona College.

The alumni of last year are making enviable records, a majority continuing their educational pursuits in medicine, mathematics, science, agriculture, athletics or in active business lines. No less than 45 are continuing their studies along some line or other—16 at the University of California while Johns Hopkins, Chicago, Harvard, Minnesota, Cornell, Columbia have each their Pomona representatives.

"PRAYER IN ITS PRESENT DAY ASPECTS."

A New Book by the Rev. Dr. James M. Campbell.

This most recent book by Dr. Campbell is an aftermath of a book by him about three years ago on "The Place of Prayer in the Christian Religion." The one just published has to do with prayer in its present day aspects and applications. It comes at an opportune time, and will be found helpful. The author says in a "foreword":

"In the present day, as perhaps never before, the subject of prayer is being pushed into the forefront. There are many things to account for this. Everywhere there is a spirit of unrest and uncertainty; everything is being shaken to its foundations; the old order is breaking up; economic problems are becoming acute; a large part of the world is in the convulsions of war; thrones are toppling to their fall; a materialistic civilization has collapsed; changes that will affect the very structure of the social life of the world are coming, not gently and gradually, but suddenly and violently. By the clash of contending forces many are stunned and bewildered. They know not what to do, they know not where to turn. They feel deeply the need of higher help. Their spiritual natures are urgently asserting themselves, and are struggling for expression; but they know not how to pray, or what to pray for, as they ought. They are seeking light and leading. Much of the current teaching is to them meaningless. Their thoughts do not run in the old doctrinal grooves. They require to have the terms of the past retranslated that they may be brought into harmony with the thought and life of the present."

This little book represents an earnest able endeavor to meet this situation. There are brief chapters on Prayer as related to the modern man's conception of God, his conception of himself and of his fellow men; on prayer as related to man's new conception of life and the new world in which he finds himself. There is consideration of prayer as a spiritual force; its relation to natural phenomena, bodily healing, and its relation to war. Attention is given also to the psychology of prayer, prayer in theory and practice, and in its formal expression.

Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, 75 cents net.

PROGRESS AT SAN JOSE.

The Annual Meeting of the First Congregational Church of San Jose, October 31st was a great success with over 200 in attendance at the dinner served by the Ladies' Aid. The reports were all good, showing progress and money in each treasury.

The Every-Member canvass plan has been worked out quite successfully. The Church adopted two budgets covering both current expenses and benevolences and the duplex envelope system has been introduced. The first pledges were taken at the Annual Dinner. Last Sunday afternoon over 20 people and automobiles met at the Church to finish the work by personal canvass. It was a very interesting and encouraging afternoon campaign. Reports were handed in at the close of the evening service. The remaining people unpledged are being seen gradually. The Church will meet its budgets for the new year.

The most important event at the Annual Meeting was the adoption of a new confession of faith for the Church. It was adopted with a remarkable unanimity and is as follows:

I believe in God the loving Father of the Race.

I believe in the Universal Brotherhood of Man as taught by Jesus Christ.

I believe in Jesus Christ as the Supreme Revealer of Divine Character, as the Moral and Religious Teacher, the Spiritual Guide and the Savior of Men.

I believe in the Christian Church and its work of proclaiming the Gospel to all mankind and I desire to share in its labors for the progress of knowledge, the promotion of peace, the reign of justice, and the realization of human brotherhood throughout the world.

Covenant.

In uniting with this Church I promise to give myself to its service, to work for its upbuilding, to support its activities, and to walk with all its members and with all men in a spirit of charity and faithfulness.

Last Sunday, November 5th, seventeen new members were received, among them being Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Reed. Mr. Reed is City Manager of San Jose.

Through the co-operation of several of the men an electric motor has been attached to the organ and electric bells installed in the Sunday School. The Church has a moving picture machine and stereopticon that prove valuable adjuncts to the work. "Open House" is maintained Friday nights. A Reception-Social was tendered to Congregational students recently, lectures and plays are on the program for the coming winter.

The Wednesday evening meetings are proving a great success and are largely attended. Everything looks encouraging for a good year's work.

LONG BEACH.

Sunday, November 5, was a festal day for Long Beach Church. The occasion was the fifteenth anniversary of the ordination of the pastor, Rev. Henry Kendall Booth; the theme of the morning sermon, "The Trend of Twentieth Century Christianity, Impressions of a Fifteen years' Ministry."

It could not be otherwise than that the exercises of the morning should be delightfully informal and appealing to the large audience. Tracing first the exalted influence of a Christian home, then the cultural impulses of the best college life, followed by three years in a seminary where contact was constant with instructors of marked ability and character, emphasized by an outlook upon and dealing with the intricate social problems of a city like Chicago; all these were potent factors in preparation for ministerial life.

Among the strong personalities exerted incidentally and consecutively were those of the pioneer apostles of social labors—Dr. Washington Gladden and Prof. Graham Taylor, to each of whom the speaker was deeply indebted.

In swift review were mentioned the characteristics of four preceding pastorates in places wholly dissimilar, but each furnishing its own contribution to the fund of that inestimable possession experience.

Yet of all human aids and enlargements in the ministerial life, the speaker had realized one in particular of priceless value. Lifting the curtain for a moment from the sacred privacy of home, a glimpse was given in chastely beautiful terms of the companionship of the one who walked by his side and whose life was a benediction to him. From her had come in the fifteen years, in spite of disabilities, untold helpfulness and unfailing inspiration which had been more powerful than all other instrumentalities.

The sweep of the twentieth century Christian forces was then reviewed. Among these were the movement for organized relations between churches; the unifying effect of federations; a broadening of religious thought; an increas-

ed emphasis on life and conduct, and the spiritual development coming through faith and prayer.

Following these exercises was a beautiful spectacle replete with significance. The pastor was requested to stand in front of the desk and at this moment two bevy of girls clad in white, each carrying a choice chrysanthemum, emerged from doors near the pulpit. The spokesman for the occasion, Mr. Wm. P. Kimball, offered in behalf of the assembled friends their heartiest congratulations. One of the groups of girls, eight in number, was said to represent the eight earlier years of this pastor's ministry and their floral gifts were reminders of labors in other fields.

The second group of maidens, numbering seven, symbolized the seven years of ministry in Long Beach, a ministry in which the pastor's life had been sacredly interwoven with that of his people. Their floral tokens were presented as typifying the gratitude, affection and loyalty of the flock and of their deep appreciation of the leadership, teachings and ceaseless efforts of the pastor to win them all to the closest companionship with the Elder Brother.

One more maiden came forward and she was a prophetic. Her glad prediction was that the coming year, the sixteenth year of this ministry, was to be the most fruitful, the most opulent of all. Gathering the blossoms from her companions, with girlish grace she presented them to her pastor. For once in his life this man of instant responsiveness faltered. In thankful tones he said that his heart was too full for utterance.

After a wish expressed by the spokesman in behalf of a multitude of friends in California and elsewhere that the pastor might have thrice fifteen years and yet more in the ministry, the audience thronged to greet him with their personal congratulations.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, PASADENA.

There is great rejoicing at First Church over the completion of the new improvements.

Without touching the auditorium, the entire exterior has been changed from that of a very ordinary wooden edifice to that of a substantial cement structure of pleasing appearance and artistic lines.

On the south, the one-story addition fills out to the sidewalk a large recess in the original wall, making a sunny commodious room for the Primary Department, without interfering with the light from the high windows in the auditorium.

On the north side the extension provides on the second floor class and assembly rooms for the Intermediate Department, a choir room and a secretary's office; on the first floor a pleasant pastor's study, orchestra room, kitchenette, toilet and a much enlarged ladies' parlor; while in the basement the capacity of the dining room has been greatly increased and its comfort enhanced by the addition of large arched windows at either end. A new kitchen has been put in and supplied with modern equipment, and a large sewing room connects the kitchen and dining room.

October 29 was chosen as the date for dedicating the remodeled Sunday School rooms. In each department special exercises were held appropriate to the occasion, and both morning and evening services were in harmony with the thought of dedication. On Tuesday evening the building was thrown open for a "House Warming" when many visitors gathered to congratulate the First Church family upon the successful outcome of their plans. The entire cost of remodeling was something over \$12,000, which has been met by willing donors.

Dr. Fox has commended a series of addresses to be given at intervals during the winter, upon the Tercentenary plans devised by our National Council. The two sermons already given have been most inspirational and others will be eagerly anticipated.

The women's societies resumed their all-day meeting Thursday, Nov. 2, with an attendance at luncheon of about 250. Miss Sarah Bundy addressed the missionary meeting on the subject of team work with other churches.

At the Woman's Church Aid Society in the afternoon, although the members are diligently working out plans for an elaborate "Pasadena-Pacific Exposition" to include "Varied Industries," "Liberal Arts," "Pure Food," "Educational" and other features of the P. P. I. E., not even excepting the celebrated "Zone," there was still time to review the broad field of effort covered by these energetic women, and reports showed their practical interest not only in the furnishings and equipment of the remodeled building, but also in the Pasadena hospital work, day nursery, relief association, and Young Woman's Christian Association. Nor was the individual forgotten in the mass, for sick and shut in were mentioned as having been lovingly remembered with flowers and calls, and the final act of a busy session was the vote to subscribe for a much-prized church paper for a beloved invalid.

MR. DEKAY CLOSES HIS WORK IN OAKLAND.

The Rev. George H. DeKay closed six months' work as acting pastor at Myrtle Street Church, Oakland, the first Sunday in November, and at the mid-week meeting November the 8th, the church gave a farewell reception to him and his wife, which was largely attended. Mr. DeKay's service has brought the church to a much better condition than it was six months ago, and has been the means of bringing about such a survey of the situation as greatly helps in solving the problem of that field. A recent study of the book of James which he has conducted under the topic of "The Gospel of Common Sense" was referred to as being typical of Mr. DeKay's preaching, and one speaker said he would be remembered as the preacher of common sense.

So many good things were said about his work that he remarked it was almost as good as being dead and listening to his funeral sermon.

Resolutions of appreciation were adopted, and a seventeen-year-old boy read an original rhyme giving the young people's regard for him.

A recent meeting of the Church Extension Committee held with the church advised the federation of this church with the First of Oakland, and a plan is under consideration for such federation which will also include Pilgrim Church.

A FAREWELL AT HAYWARD.

The Rev. B. D. Naylor preached his last sermon at Hayward in the evening the 5th of November and has entered on the pastorate at Sebastopol. The Presbyterian church and pastor worshipped with the Congregational people that evening.

Mr. Naylor spoke most feelingly of his life and work in Hayward, during the past fourteen years, and the generous hearted friendships formed by himself and his wife, which will ever remain a treasured memory to them.

The next evening a farewell reception was tendered Mr. and Mrs. Naylor in the church parlors, there being a large attendance from all the churches.

Many words of appreciation and affection were spoken by representative citizens, among them the pastors of the other churches. As a parting gift Mr. and Mrs. Naylor were presented one hundred dollars in silver.

Mr. Oakes, of the Journal, paid tribute to Mr. Naylor as a public-spirited man—an able, earnest worker for all that tended to the upbuilding of the community. And the gracious and lovable character and the wide helpfulness of Mrs. Naylor were not forgotten.

SAN MATEO.

On October 13th the pastor organized a Junior Endeavor Society with 20 members.

Many new people are moving into the community and are affiliating themselves with the church. Four church letters were presented at the November communion.

The Ladies' Aid Society conducted a waste paper campaign recently and earned \$13.50 in one day. Their next missionary meeting will be held on November 21st when Mrs. Barbour of Oakland will address them. The annual bazaar will be held December 5th.

The Sunday School is making a canvass for Armenian and Syrian relief and will make its offering on Sunday, November 26th.

Mrs. Edmund Owens gave a party to twenty of her Japanese friends last Friday at the parsonage. She hopes hereby to interest the local Japanese in the Yu Ai Kai movement.

MARTINEZ.

Nine members were received last Sunday, three on confession. Rev. E. D. Hale, a member of the church, received the new pastor into membership, then the pastor received the others. All were impressed with Mr. Hale's words, many spoke of them. Such a man is a very great help in the church. We're glad he is here. The pastor, working with some of the county C. E. officers, is helping arrange some Sunday afternoon meetings at the hospital.

Word has just come from Turkey saying Enver Pasha, Turkish War Minister, recently made an official visit to Harpoot. Although there but a short time, he visited our hospital at Harpoot and took tea with Mrs. Dr. Atkinson. At the close he asked for Mrs. Atkinson's 11-year-old son and putting his arm around Henry's shoulders spoke of Dr. H. H. Atkinson's splendid medical work, then taking off the war medal from his own breast, pinned it on the lad's coat and said, "My country wants you to wear this in memory of your father's heroic work."

NOTES FROM RIALTO.

The San Bernardino Association of Congregational churches held its fall meeting, Oct. 31st and Nov. 1st, with the Rialto church. A strong program had been prepared and the meeting was a splendid success from every viewpoint. Anticipating this meeting the church building was given extensive repairs. The interior was papered, all woodwork, pews and chairs were varnished, and the exterior painted and a new roof put on. The total cost of the improvements was about \$600. All bills were met as work was completed.

Last Sunday was the beginning of the ninth year of the present pastorate—that of George F. Mathes. At the morning service the pastor gave a historical survey of the work during the past eight years. Seven new members were received, making a total of 22 for the year and a net gain of eighty-one per cent for the present pastorate.

The "Go-to-Church Band," consisting of forty-six members, began the second term October first. By this method special attention is given to the boys and girls of the church, and their presence during the entire morning service is helpful and very much appreciated.

SANTA CRUZ.

Nine of the eleven persons received to membership at the last communion came from the Sunday-school. An offering of \$55 has been made in the Sunday-school for the Armenian sufferers. The Sunday-school this year, besides this amount, will give over \$150 to missions.

The attendance Sunday was 182. New pupils are entering every Sunday.

Rev. C. B. Preston of Palo Alto exchanged Sunday with the pastor.

INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

On Wednesday of last week Whitman college held memorial services at Wailatpu, or Whitman mission. W. H. Gray and wife's remains were brought from Astoria, Ore. to be buried beside their fellow missionaries Dr. Marcus Whitman and wife. Four hundred people, faculty and students of Whitman college, and friends, went in a special train to hear the interesting and impressive program. The principal address was delivered by Prof. W. D. Lyman, who was acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Gray. He said in part:

"The event which we are celebrating today conveys a profound and unique significance. The sacred dust of two of the foremost of the builders of Old Oregon are this day joined with that of the martyrs of Wailatpu in the most historic spot of the great Northwest. It is fitting that this union take place here and now.

"W. H. Gray came to Oregon with the Whitmans and Spaldings in 1836. Two years later, in company with Cushing Eells and Elkanah Walker and their wives, and his own bride, he crossed the continent again.

"For five momentous and strenuous years he continued his indispensable work as secular agent of the Missions. He then went to the Willamette Valley to make his home.

"When the tragedy of Wailatpu ended the lives of Marcus and Narcissa Whitman, and their mutilated bodies found a final rest at the spot where now we stand, many long years of achievement remained for W. H. Gray and Mary Gray. They attained a good old age, and were laid away at their home town of many years, Astoria. The removal of their honored remains to a final reunion with the earlier martyrs of the Missions is eminently fitting. The heroes and heroines of our earlier day come together. They wrought together to one great end, nothing less than the establishment of Christian civilization in this grand and fruitful wilderness. Though the times and manner of their death were widely separate, they belong together. In this solemn presence, with these sacred memories around us, we may realize with new force the permanent unity of those men and women who had permanent and beneficent aims."

Captain Wm. P. Gray, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gray read two original poems: "The Pioneer," and "In

Memoriam," Rev. Dr. Boyd of the First Presbyterian Church, Portland, Oregon, gave an address on Mary Dix Gray:

Dr. Boyd spoke of the love and consecration of Mary Dix Gray's life, and of her breadth and efficiency.

"We ever need the touch of femininity," and so we should here today honor the strength of manhood, but also honor the influence of Mary Dix Gray and every woman who came into the Northwestern land and laid the offering of her heart's treasure and delicacy upon the altars of national and social service moving towards the kingdom of God.

There's not place in earth on heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a place nor weight of woe,
There's not a whispered yes or no,
There's not a life or death or birth
That has one feather's weight of worth
Without a woman's in it."

President Penrose presided at the services and read a telegram of congratulations from the Hon. Edwin Eells of Tacoma, the surviving son of Dr. Cushing Eells, the founder of Whitman college.

At the general Ministers' Meeting last Monday morning, Rev. P. E. Bauer, gave an interesting and informing address on Alaska. In the afternoon Rev. C. H. Burdick, gave a comprehensive review of "The Congregational Way," by Dr. Barton.

The Westminster Church has been presented with beautiful chimes by Mr. F. R. Wolfe, of this city, in memory of his wife, a lover of music and a devout member of the church. She was the daughter of Rev. John Koch, a pioneer German Congregational minister of this state. The chimes have drawn large audiences.

Dr. White has been helping in the Efficiency campaign in Walla Walla, and North Yakima.

An interesting event for the Pleasant Prairie church was the celebration of the 31st anniversary of its organization which took place Wednesday of last week. The writer, who was a pastor of the church a quarter of a century ago, preached in the morning on "The Pilgrims." About a hundred participated in a bountiful banquet which was followed by reminiscent addresses by former members. Rev. Dalzell, is the pastor in connection with Orchard Prairie, and is doing well.

J. EDWARDS.

Spokane, Wash., Nov. 10, 1916.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

On November 7th another notable step forward was taken by the temperance element in this State. Not only was the question of amending the State constitution so as to permit the "manufacture and regulated sale of four per cent Malt liquors" defeated, but a more strenuous measure was passed, "extending the existing constitutional provision, relating to the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor, by also prohibiting the importation of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes." While it is probable that the disappointed supporters of the liquor interests will do all in their power to render this act invalid by taking the matter into the courts, it is generally believed that their efforts will be in vain. The efforts of the Attorney General of the State, with the effective aid of the Governor, can be depended on to use all the influence in their power to enforce this law, which is to take effect December first.

It was a matter of personal rejoicing on my part on Oc-

tober 24th while present at the "Pacific Logging Congress," at which delegates were present from all the principal logging centres of the Pacific Coast as well as representatives from a number of Eastern logging incorporations, to see how unanimous all were respecting the benefit derived from the banishment of strong drink from the logging camps. Not in a single case, among hundreds of men, did I learn of one who expressed a desire to return to former conditions. The business of logging has come to be a scientific one, and every operator must have a clear brain and a steady hand.

The Congregational Church at St. John, a suburb of Portland, named after James John who entered California in 1841 with the John Bidwell party, but who left the Sacramento Valley in May, 1843, and made a permanent settlement on the Willamette river, a few miles below Portland, has begun a new career under most favorable auspices. After a dormant condition for about two years, Rev. J. H. Barnett, formerly acting pastor at Attalia, Walla Walla county, Washington, looked over this field and decided that there was an opportunity for doing a good and much needed work. Rev. A. J. Sullens, Home Missionary Superintendent of the Congregational work of the State, was not over sanguine about the matter, but it was decided that a trial should be made. Mr. Barnett began holding services in the church building several weeks ago, notwithstanding it was in need of considerable repairing, and started at once to arouse interest in the improvement of the house of worship, and at 3 o'clock today it was rededicated. The expense of the improvement amounted to \$185 the most of which has been provided for, and a spirit of enthusiasm created which give promise of a successful as well as much needed work. In addition to Rev. Mr. Barnett, Rev. A. J. Sullens, of the Home Missionary Society, and Rev. Luther R. Dyott, of the First Church, and a number of its members were present.

Portland, November 12, 1916.

The Home.

COMFORTABLE FOLKS.

How we enjoy the companionship of some people! Possibly there are no words that so well describe these people as the words comfortable folks. Their talents may be many or few but they are kindly, thoughtful, sympathetic. As sparks from a living fire so their thoughts, sympathies, and purposes go out from hearts that are warm with love for, and interest in, their fellow men.

Royal souls, these helpers of their fellow men! Great hearts of life's pilgrimage! Purveyors of sunshine and living examples of faith!

Comfortable folks do not drive you into a corner and then wrap about you the wet blanket of their aches and pains of last week or last year. Nay, they bury the aches of the past under the sod of oblivion, and are even reticent as to the aches and pains of the present.

Comfortable folks do not toss uneasily upon their pillows in the noon o' the night and worry about people's opinions of their words or actions. Having done their best they trust God for the rest, and go to sleep, and arise refreshed in the sunshine of another glad and optimistic morning.

Ah! but we say—some of us—"They were born that way; these comfortable folks!"

In some cases this may be literally true; in most cases I think it is not. O! the transforming power of our God!

He can take a man who is irritable, selfish, unreasonable, suspicious, quick-tempered and unforgiving, and make him over until the impossible—in the eyes of men—has become possible; and the man has become kind, unselfish, thoughtful, forgiving, and winsome; as attractive as he was formerly unattractive; as helpful to his fellow men as he was formerly harmful—and all men are either helpful or harmful to their fellows.

Comfortable folks always see opportunities to share their blessings. Blessings multiply as they are divided. Witness the example of the widow who fed Elijah! Love ever says, "Sow! Scatter! Divide!" Selfishness says, "Close thy hand! Hold that which is thine own!"

Comfortable folks do not worry about the things that are unimportant—the dragon of style is never allowed to make life miserable for them. They do not waste time in fruitless longings for things beyond reach but are content with such temporal blessings as fall to their lot.

Comfortable folks live only one day at a time; the shadows of yesterday or forebodings for to-morrow are alike dispelled by the sunshine of to-day. The Father's care is about them to-day. Is it not a pledge for the morrow? They do not expect perfection in their friends, but they take keen joy in all of good that prevails in their lives.

What a world this would be if we all belonged to the comfortable folks; if we could only learn to be smiling and uncomplaining under the disappointments and seeming ills of life—the discipline that we will understand some day—the making over process that seems so necessary for us—the refining that will bring out the pure gold and take out the dross and all that is useless or worthless.—G. W. Tuttle in *Northwestern Christian Advocate*.

WORTHY PRAISE.

We all like to have pleasant things said to us, but we all know the excess of flattery that makes us heartily wish we were somewhere else. Dr. Johnson had a great, rough tongue, and when Hannah More was deluging him with soft phrases, he said to her, "Madam, before you flatter a man so grossly to his face, you should consider whether your flattery is worth his having." If you really wish to praise anyone, take a little pains about it and let your words be not only kind but fitting. There are people who make a business of compliments and whose compliments, therefore, cease to have any value. That was what Dr. Johnson had in mind, and no one knew better than he that a brief word of commendation from one like himself—one perfectly indifferent whom he pleases or displeases—goes further than long speeches from those who are thinking more of themselves than of the person addressed.

The deepest art and secret of compliment is entire sincerity, to make it evident that you are saying only what you really feel. It may be urged that on that basis compliments would be much scarcer in the world than they are now. Perhaps the world would be none the worse off for that. It is not of much use in the end to say pleasant things unless you really think pleasant things. And the point here is that it is easier to think pleasant things than some of us believe. All that is needed is a little attention and, as the French say, a little good will. Human life is never so barren of good that we cannot find something to praise. And a kindly word, based on sympathetic observation, is worth far more, both to the speaker and to the object of it, than large phrases of conventional eulogy bestowed on those who hear such matters every day, know their exact value, and are perfectly weary of them.

A MOTHER-MADE MAN.

Dr. Lorimer tells this story of one of our most distinguished men, who was introduced at a great public meeting as a "self-made man." Instead of appearing gratified at the tribute, it seemed to throw him for a few moments into a "brown study." Afterward they asked him the reason for the way in which he received the announcement.

"Well," said the great man, "it set me to thinking that I am not really a self-made man."

"Why," they replied, "did you not begin to work in a store when you were ten or twelve?"

"Yes," said he; "but it was because my mother thought I ought to."

"But then," they urged, "you were always such a great reader, devouring books when you were a boy."

"Yes," he replied; "but it was because my mother led me to it."

"But then," they urged again, "your integrity was your own."

"Well, I don't know about that. One day a barrel of apples had come to me to sell out by the peck, and, after the manner of some storekeepers, I put the specked ones at the bottom and the best ones at the top. My mother called me and asked me what I was doing. I told her, and she said, 'Tom, if you do that you will be a cheat.' I think my mother had something to do with my integrity; and, on the whole, I doubt whether I am a self-made man. I think my mother had something to do with making me anything I am of any character or usefulness."—*Sunday School Visitor*.

For The Children.

CHILDREN THAT BOB AND DOROTHY DIDN'T KNOW.

One sunny morning, when the air was cold and the leaves were mostly red and yellow, Dorothy and Bob were on the piazza, talking. Dorothy sat in her rocking-chair, putting her doll Lydia's things on. Bob was on the floor, rolling back and forth for a little while. Soon they were going to do something, but they had not yet decided what it should be.

"Thanksgiving Day," said Bob. "Thanksgiving. I don't know what that means. Was anybody born on that day—anybody like Washington?"

"I don't know. I guess so," said Dorothy.

"Maybe Abraham Lincoln?"

"Might be," said Dorothy.

"I want to know about that. Ma-a-ma-a!" called Bob. "Mother, was Washington born on Thanksgiving Day?" Mrs. Mason came to the door.

"Why, no, Bob," she said, "you know that isn't what Thanksgiving Day means, don't you?"

"No, Dottie doesn't, and I don't know what it's for,—unless you just want us to say thank you lots of times, and so you give us turkey and all sorts of special things. We might get so used to saying 'thank you'—'Thank you for this turkey, thank you for this ice-cream, thank you for this jelly, thank you for the apples and oranges and nuts, thank you, thank you, thank you'—might get so used to it we'd never stop, hardly, and then you wouldn't have the trouble to remind us all the time.

"That would be a good thing," said Mrs. Mason, "but I should think boys and girls could remember to say 'thank you,' without their mothers' having the Thanksgiving dinners just to give them practice.

"Yes," said Dorothy.

"What is it for, then?" said Bob.

"Why, it isn't all for children. It's really more for grown people."

"Is it? Do you thank? What do you thank each other for?"

"Bobbie, dear, we don't thank each other especially on that day. You see, dear, Thanksgiving is a day when we all think especially of how much we have to be thankful for."

"Children?" said Dorothy, "and good homes?"

"Yes, yes, indeed; and healthiness, and beautiful country and weather, and good times—such lots of things! And, you know, we don't thank each other for those so much as we thank"—

"I know," said Bob quickly. "God."

"Bobbie, dear, you don't know much about that. Little fellows can't. Dorothy can't yet; but by and by—You keep your eyes open, keep trying to be sensible, to do what's the right thing, and then some day you'll know lots of good things that you don't know now. But you can keep on learning all the time, you and Dorothy."

"M-m. Specially when we go to school," said Bob.

"Well, you can be learning now, all the time. Just try to do what's the right thing. That's what makes people learn,—Daddy and me and everybody, children and old people."

"Not tell stories?" said Dorothy, "and not slap and scream?"

"To be sure," said her mother.

"And be kind to people, and say 'thank you,' said Bob. "But then, what is the Thanksgiving dinner for, and the big lot of people, grandmother and everybody, babies, too?"

"Why," said his mother, "don't you see? After they've been to church, people think it's lovely to be thankful together. It's a great pleasure to be thankful. Haven't you ever noticed? You know how happy it makes anybody to be thankful to somebody for a gift? Well, you see you don't know much yet, but you will. Why, yes, grandmothers and grandfathers and the fathers and mothers like to be together and feel how much there is to be thankful for, and, of course, they want their children to be with them."

"Oh, well, now I know," said Bob.

"I never knew Thanksgiving was such a day as that," said Dorothy.

"Oh, yes," said her mother, "it's a lovely day, when you know."—Susan Perry Peckham in *The Christian Register*.

JOHNNY'S TOMMY.

Johnny and his Tommy had a whole big beautiful orchard to themselves to play in. In spring it looked as if it had been covered with pink and white snow, the blossoms were so thick on the trees; and in late summer and the fall there were ripe apples lying in the grass under the green trees. Johnny liked summer best and so did Johnny's Tommy.

Johnny was a very small boy, and his Tommy was a very small calf. This little calf was as white as snow, and had the dearest dark eyes and the most silky ears one ever saw. Tommy belonged wholly to Johnny, and every day the little boy went three times to the orchard with milk in a pan for his pet. Sometimes greedy Tommy upset his bucket and spilt the milk, and then Johnny would have to travel back

Just outside the beautiful orchard lay the railroad track, and sometimes the up-freight train had to wait right in front of the orchard until the man in the tower

by the track signalled for it to come on. This was great fun for Johnny; for Johnny's father had fixed up a pulley post by the hedge with a wheel that Johnny could turn, and which would wind up a long rope hanging from the top of the post, and to the end of the rope was fastened a small basket. Johnny would fill the basket with big red apples, and wind it slowly to the top of the hedge. Then, quick as a wink, the fireman's big black hand would seize and empty the basket, and all the trainmen would call out, "Thany you, Johnny!"

Johnny dearly loved to work the little pulley, and if the train had to wait very long for the signal the basket was raised more than once, and every man on the train was sure to have several apples in his pockets to take home to his children.

One morning when Johnny went out to the orchard the little white calf was nowhere in sight. The inquisitive little creature had squeezed through the hedge, and when at last Johnny spied him he was standing exactly in the middle of the track.

"Come, Tommy! Come, Tommy!" called Johnny in a fright, for it was not long until train time. "Oh," he said to himself, running up and down behind the hedge, "if mother hadn't told me never to go on the track, I could get out and drive him off; but I promised her I'd never go outside the orchard!"

There was no use in running to the house for help, because his mother had gone down to the village and there was no one at home but grandma, and she was lame. So Johnny could only coax and call to Tommy, and hold out a tempting apple through the hedge. But Tommy had had all the apples he wanted, and he paid no attention. "You'll be killed, Tommy!" screamed Johnny suddenly, for he heard the freight train coming.

The engineer had told Johnny that he always whistled once if the train must stop; but if the track was clear and the signal was out he would blow twice as he came on.

Clear and sharp came the two blasts that said, "No stop!"

Johnny laid down in the grass and sobbed, but Tommy, outside, planted his feet firmly on a tie, and, like the "goose" a young calf often is, stood and faced the monster. Suddenly the engineer saw Johnny's Tommy, and brought the train to a standstill. A grimy brakeman leaped off, seized the stubborn fellow, rushed down the bank, and, in spite of his kicking, thrust him through the very hole where he had crawled out to the track an hour before.

"Don't cry, Johnny!" he called cheerfully. "Tommy is all right. You watch this hole till some one comes, for another train'll be along pretty soon!" Can't wait!" In a minute the train was rushing along again.

When he had wiped away his tears, Johnny buckled on Tommy's strap and led him to the house, for he didn't dare have him in the orchard until the hedge was mended. He led Tommy up to his mother, and told her the story.

"That was a very kind engineer," said Johnny's mother after she had heard it. "Guess he remembered the apples!"

Then they both laughed at the big black finger-marks on Tommy's white coat; but that foolish, fat, little animal just kicked up his heels, broke loose, and scampered to the pail by the gate to see if dinner had been served.—Hilda Richmond, in *Little Folks*.

THE TART AND THE CART.

A big yellow house with green blinds, a white door, and a tall green hedge in front. Charles, looking up the hill, saw a head above the hedge.

"That is Miss Lee," he told his mother. "She gives me tarts—such nice ones, apple and lemon, strawberry and raspberry! I do like them."

"What do you give her?"

"Why," said Charles, "I have nothing but my playthings. She would not want them; some are broken, and not new or very clean."

"Haven't you one that is good?"

"My cart, only my cart Uncle Will gave me. She would not want it, and I do." Charles looked at the trim little wagon, with its four wheels all ready to run with him.

After a while he spoke slowly, "Do you think she would?"

"I am not sure, but she has been so kind to you, I want her to know that you feel it."

"The next time I go up there, perhaps I will take it to her."

So one day a very sober boy with a pretty blue cart went up to the big yellow house on the hill. Miss Lee was at home, and he told her he came to give her his cart. She smiled as she took it up and looked it over, and then she told him it was a nice present, and she would get him to keep it for her. He could use it all he wanted to, and when she needed it she would send down to his house and he could bring it up to her. Charles said he would take great care of it for her and she could have it any time, and then went home with a happy heart.

A few days later there was a knock at Miss Lee's door, and there she found another boy.

"I went to Charles to borrow his cart, but he said it was yours, so I came up here for it," he began.

Miss Lee came out on the porch and sat down to think it over.

"I suppose he thought I might send for it. I may want

it to carry some weeds away. Did you ever pull up any weeds? Come out here," and she led the way to her garden. "There," she said, "if you will pull up all there is in this corner, I will give you a nickel and a peach tart."

So the boy went to work. He was older than Charles. Miss Lee knew his mother was glad to have him kept out of mischief and to have him help her. Soon he had the weeds up and piled in order on one side very neatly.

Then she went into the house and came out with a large tart and a five-cent piece.

"There," she said, "you can put one in your bank and one in your mouth."

"Oh, thank you, I would rather have the tart than the cart."—M. A. Neall.

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